

THE

# WARCRY

26th Year. No. 5.

THOMAS E. COOMBS,  
Commissioner.

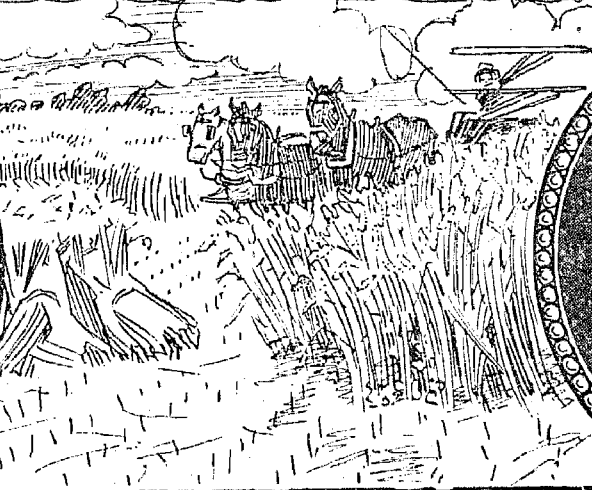
TORONTO, NOVEMBER 6, 1909.

WILLIAM BOOTH,  
General.

Price, 2 Cents.



COMMISSIONER  
COOMBS



MRS  
COOMBS



## Welcome, Comrades, Welcome!



O you from the far-flung prairies,  
And you from the border lakes;  
To you from the Eastern seaboard  
Where the Atlantic roars and breaks;  
And to you from West of the Rockies,  
And all whom you represent,  
With our hearts and hands we welcome  
You each to our parliament.

You've fought against foes unnumbered  
In our wide-spread fighting line;  
You have kept the old Flag flying  
By power and grace divine.  
So we honour your deep devotion,  
We rejoice at the triumphs won,  
And we join to our heartfelt welcomes  
A loud and a deep "Well Done!"

And you at the distant Outposts,  
By forest, river and sea;  
In Newfoundland or the Yukon,  
God bless you wherever you be.  
You're of us though not amongst us,  
Our brothers by Blood and Fire;  
So we send you our love from the Councils,  
And this is our hearts' desire:  
That never your faith may falter,  
That never your zeal may tire.



MRS  
MAPP



COLONEL  
MAPP



## Cutlets from Contemporaries.



### Stupendous Facts.

#### About New York's Mushroom Growth.

Just 283 years ago the whole of Manhattan Island was bought by stout Peter Minnet, the New York Governor of the West India Company, for a few trinkets valued at \$24.00. The Indians were glad to get so much from the Dutch for their hunting grounds.

Several years ago, ground at the corner of Broadway and Wall Street sold at \$24.00 for six square inches. When a lot measuring 30 x 39 feet brought \$700,000. So tremendous is the city's growth, that one year's building plans represent a cost of \$150,000,000.

There are nearly 10,000 policemen in the 2,200 miles of streets. Their pay alone amounts yearly to \$12,865,258. They made 244,822 arrests last year. To clean the streets they guard costs \$7,418,259 for a single year.

The parks of the amazing city cover ten square miles, including some of its choicest ground. It is said that they contain more than 2,250,000 trees, and are valued at \$1,500,000,000.

In other words, the parks owned by New York contain more land than the big City of Rochester, N. Y., and could be sold for enough to pay the entire national debt of Holland, Switzerland, Sweden and Turkey.

It takes 10,000,000 pounds of food a day to supply the city. There are about 100 theatres, 1,300 churches, and nearly 10,000 saloons.—American Social Gazette.

#### Australia's Chief Secretary.

##### Cobbler to Army Officer.

While at work in the shop one day William Hoskin was sorely troubled in mind as he pondered over the past, and tried to peer into the future. The more he thought, the harder he hammered at the boot on the last, until the perspiration stood in beads on his forehead. Suddenly he called a halt, threw down his hammer on the bench, giving audible expression to his thoughts by repeating, "It is no good," and turning to his workmates, startled them by saying, "Well, lads, I'm going to turn over a new leaf!"

"What's up, old fellow?" enquired one of the men, which elicited the reply:

"Oh, I'm sick and tired of this life, and I'm going to The Salvation Army

to-morrow night to get saved!"

"Brother Hoskin, I feel convinced that God wants you to be a Salvation Army Officer!" said the Corps Commander, one day—a suggestion that fairly startled the said Brother Hoskin, as there was nothing further from his mind, so he "fenced" the question by producing many apparently feasible reasons why he should not be an Officer, chief of which were he was a married man with a small family, besides a delicate wife.

Needless to say, it meant a big wrench to sell up, leave it all, and go forth to face an unknown, untried path, yet, despite the entreaties of friends and the ridicule of others, Sergeant Hoskin never flinched. He disposed of his business, sold up his house and furniture, said farewell to his beloved Ballarat comrades, made the necessary provision for his wife and family, whom he left behind, proceeded to the metropolis and entered Training at South Melbourne, on December, 9th, 1883.—Australian Cry.

### Concentration.

#### A Valuable Acquisition.

You have, perhaps, never understood before that "attention" has so much to do with "self-control," but if you think, you will see that this is so. How important, then, that you should learn the power of fixing your attention!

Some people never gain this art. If they try to listen in a meeting, at the end of three or four minutes they allow their attention to wander away. If they read a book, the least thing takes them off, and they cannot fix their minds.

Yet you can train yourself to what it called, "concentrate your attention"—that is, to fix your whole mind on the subject you wish to consider. At first you will find it very hard, but as you try patiently again and again, it will become more easy to you, and you will find your power of will and of self-control increasing as well.—The Y. P.

#### America's Pioneer Corps.

##### Things as They Used to Be.

Thirty years ago this month the first Salvation Army meeting held on this continent was conducted by the Shirley family at Philadelphia. Almost on the anniversary of this, to

us, historic and momentous event, on September 5th last, the first Army property in the City of Philadelphia was formerly dedicated to God and The Army work. This property is the home of Philadelphia I. Corps.

In the spring of 1880 Commissioner Railton, with his contingent of Officers, arrived at New York, and, as no work had yet been started there, made his Headquarters at Philadelphia, in an old basement at 45th South Third Street. This dusky basement room was divided by a board partition into two the front for use as the National Headquarters—Commissioner's offices, Financial, Editorial and Social Departments, and all, while in the rear—a dark, gloomy, eight-by-ten room—was the Commissioner's home. Oh, days of luxury! Oh, cradle-days, how simple and pure you were!—American Cry.

### The School of Sorrow.

#### How Should Pupils Regard It?

If you cast away the pain,  
The sorrows and the tears,  
And let the joys alone remain  
From all departed years;  
If you could quite forget the sighs  
And recollect the song—  
What think you: would you be as wise,  
As helpful, or as strong?

If you could lay the burden down  
That bows your head at whiles,  
Shun everything that wears a frown,  
And live a life of smiles—  
Be happy as a child again,  
As free from thoughts of care—  
Would you appear to other men  
More noble or more fair?

Ah, no! A man should do his part,  
And carry all his load,  
Rejoiced to share with every heart  
The roughness of the road,  
Not given to flinching overmuch  
Of pains and griefs behind,  
But glad to be in fullest touch  
With all this human kind.  
—New Zealand Cry.

### The Trophy's Testimony.

#### How It Saved His Chums.

Undeterred, the convert started again: "Mates, what I'm a-saying on's as true as—as—the fact that my wife an' youngsters are as 'appy as pigs 'n clover."

"Ear, ear!" and a groan.  
That groan made the whole gang look sheepish. It was the white flag of surrender.

Is hard for us to understand Jerusalem meant so much to the ancient people of God. What homesickness and love is shown in those poetic words in Psalm 137, "By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept, when we remembered you—Jerusalem—We hanged our harps upon the willows. For they that carried us away captive, required of us a song as we said, 'Sing us one of the songs of Zion.'"

How shall we sing the Lord's songs in a strange land?

What a pathetic picture! These strangers in a foreign land—exiled—what joy and rejoicing when they were once again able to build their beloved Jerusalem—its walls and its temple.

### THOUGHTS ON PRAYER.

The fire of Divine love is kindled in prayer.

It was a picture to see that giant of a fellow, that diamond in the rough, standing there with his soul quivering to express itself, and his eyes swimming with tears, and his hands outspread in loving entreaty.

"What God 'as done for me, mates, 'E can do for you!" he exclaimed.

"Can 'E Bill, honour bright?" cried the man who had groaned.

"He can; an' God bless you, Jim!" cried Bill.

"An' God bless you Bill!" cried Jim, brokenly. Then Bill sobbed, and Jim clumped out to the front, and one after another seven toppers followed his example, and soon Jim and Bill, Tom, Nick and Harry, and the rest were crying like babies at the mercy-seat; and when they rose to their feet, sober and transformed, the Salvationists wanted rag-time music, so full of joy were they.—All the World.

### In God's Hands.

#### A Little Child's Faith.

A wild night on the Mediterranean; a ship labouring through the sea, huge waves sweeping over her; darkness and danger and terror on board.

In the saloon reckless, God-defying men are singing and card-playing. In one cabin a Christian family—father, mother and little one—are seated on the floor. The dear, childlike voice exclaims, "This big wave must take us to God; but it does not matter, we are all together!"

In another cabin, praying, but alarmed and trembling, lies a woman, converted, but not living close to God. Thoughts of the past, sad and sorrowful, are hers; then a gleam of light comes as she remembers Christ and His disciples in the storm.

Suddenly a little form in a white nightdress appears, and a child's voice asks, "Are we safe?"

"Safe! Ah, no," thinks the woman; "and yet how can I alarm this dear child?"

So with a God-given inspiration she answers, "We are in God's hands, dear."

"In God's hands?"  
"Yes, in His hands."  
"God's hands?"  
"Yes, in God's hands."  
"Why, then, we must be safe! Good night." And the little one is soon lost in peaceful slumber.—Australian Y. S.

The Nile is noted for the variety of its fish. An expedition sent by the British Museum, brought home 2,200 specimens.

Consider as well spent, every hour given to prayer.

Prayer is a secure path in which the soul can safely walk at any and every moment.

Every soul prays differently. Ask the Lord to teach your soul the method of prayer best for it.

When once the value of prayer is understood truly, we shall count it of more value than all the treasures of the world.

### ALCOHOL DOES NOT GIVE REAL SUSTAINING HEAT.

It is said that before making his dash to the pole, Commander Peary said that no man could drink alcoholic liquor who went to the North. It would mean death to the man, a menace to the expedition, a question with regard to smok said that the man who was dependent upon his cigar or his pipe, rather to remain.

## The Praying League

General Prayer: "O Lord be pleased to graciously bless all who are in any trouble, and especially need Thy grace and presence at this time."

Special Topics: 1.—Pray for success of Anniversary Services being conducted throughout the Dominion. 2.—Pray for a spirit of thanksgiving to possess the hearts of the people: thanksgiving for national, spiritual, and personal blessings. 3.—Pray for "War Cry" sellers everywhere.

Sunday, October 31st.—Ride By Night. Neh. ii. 1-18.

Monday, November 1st.—Contemptuous Mockers. Neh. ii. 19, 20; iv. 1-14.

Tuesday, November 2nd.—Shoulder to Shoulder. Neh. iv. 14-23; v. 14-18.

Wednesday, November 3rd.—Injustice

Set Right. Neh. v. 1-3.  
Thursday, November 4th.—Making Things Clear. Neh. viii. 1-13.  
Friday, November 5th.—Feast of Tabernacles. Neh. viii. 14-30.  
Saturday, November 6th.—Renewing the Covenant. Neh. ix. 31-38; x. 28, 29; xii. 27-30.

### THIS WEEK'S LESSON.

By Mrs. Blanche Johnston.

A most interesting study is before us this week, in our Bible Readings. The history of the rebuilding of the walls of Jerusalem, after the captivity of the Jews. I would urge our members to read the whole story in the Bible again. However many times you may have read it, dear friend, read it again. It always seems to me there is a fresh inspiration in it. There is so much courage, faith and perseverance shown, and what a touch of pathos, which, perhaps, is



# How Salvationists Pioneer

Some Interesting Facts Concerning the Pioneer Work of The Army, by Commissioner Railton, Himself Our Foremost Pioneer.

**A**FTER having officially pioneered in several of the largest countries outside Great Britain in which we are now fighting, and in others which we are looking forward to occupying, I am able to testify that much of the real pioneer work has everywhere been done mostly by Soldiers, acting without human orders other than the general ones we give to everybody we win, to go "full steam ahead" wherever there are people who are not reached by the Gospel. And almost all our work still, even in this great London, includes pioneering, for the Sergeant-Major of our fourth (Limehouse) Corps told me last night that he had sold out all his stock of our publications whilst visiting the public-houses in his district, and where he had found men from foreign lands who had never seen a Salvationist before. We marched a Russian anarchist in our procession to the Hall, and to the penitent form—notwithstanding his very scanty English. He may yet be useful in pioneering work in his own Empire, as may also the Germans and Scandinavians in parts of their own countries not yet reached by us; or the Chinamen, Lascars, Africans, and Arabs to whom the same Corps and the third (Poplar) minister at the East India Docks from week to week.

## A French-Canadian Pioneer.

But perhaps the most remarkable pioneering of recent times has been that which is still in progress in the great French city of Rheims, where we might have hesitated (knowing what cathedral cities generally, alas! are) to plant our standard for some time. To that city, by no planning of ours, there went a soldier of the French National Army, who had been saved in our French Corps in Montreal, Canada. Not having fulfilled his military duty to his country, he felt, after he was saved, that he must give himself up to the authorities; and they, instead of imprisoning him, as they might have done, had the sense to let him, though years late, do the needed time in the garrison there.

Another French soldier, saved in a meeting in Belgium, had secured work in Rheims, whilst a former sister Officer had also settled there. These three, knowing that we had no Corps in the city, and none of them having any idea of the presence of the others, decided to attend the most evangelistic-like services they could find. There they discovered each other simply by noticing their manner of singing and praying, which to any Salvationist is like a Freemason's sign, in any language. We all get so accustomed to sing and pray in a way the world generally does not like, because we ignore all their fashions and their arts.

But, when the three knew each other, they at once arranged for little gatherings, invited our French leader to come from Paris to conduct a large meeting, have already raised their first dozen recruits, and are, by the sale of our "En Avant," and any other means they can, preparing the way for the commencement of regular work as soon as Officers can be sent.

A married man with two children, emigrated from British Guiana to Antigua, held some meetings, gathered some converts together, persuaded our Leader in those parts to send in some Officers, with the result that we can now assemble one thousand hearers in the market-place of St. John's on special occasions.

A "rum-card"—Oh the havoc rum plays in the West Indies!—was saved in one town of Barbados, and walked miles to another, where he held outdoor meetings himself, which resulted in the formation of a regular Corps.

## Navvies Pioneer in Panama.

The Sergeant-Major of another West Indian Corps went off to another town, and not only raised thirty or forty converts, whom he made into Soldiers, but built a humble Hall capable of seating one hundred people, at a cost of about \$125.00. Our West Indian Halls consist, in the country districts, of pillar-supported roofs, under which there are camp-meeting-like seats; and, as there is generally some open space around the open sides, great numbers can listen without sitting down; so that the value of one such place is far beyond its mere seating capacity.

The extension to, and raising up of a Corps in, Sierra Leone, West Africa, was by some soldiers of a West India regiment who belong to us, and who made quite a good Corps, though having no Officer to lead them. As a reservist, an ex-soldier, of one of these regiments is now being trained in one of our West Indian Institutions, we may hope that West Africa may not much longer remain out of our list of actual battlefields.

The beginning of our now very fully recognised and useful work in Panama and Costa Rica was made by some simple navvies employed on the Panama Canal. It is, so far, an almost entirely English-speaking War! but in our Colonial Social Institutions we are able to help "all sorts," and Americans and Spanish-speaking Republicans, brought down to the lowest level by drinking, gambling, or illness, will yet, in their turn, By God's grace, be pioneering elsewhere. The wife of the Officer who manages one Institution, concluded

from the wolfish way in which a man who came, was eating his food, that he was particularly famished. He had managed a sugar estate at one time, but had sunk to the lowest depths through drink. The Officer was himself away at the time, so she sent the visitor to the bath, begged new clothes for him, and then insisted on his being shaved, and forced an unwilling inmate of the Home to do the job, by threatening otherwise to do it herself! She then secured him a situation, and he, like many of the students and others from America, who sink to the canal work and then come under our influence, will doubtless become yet a pioneer for us elsewhere, strong in all the hardhood and resource of the "pioneers of civilisation and progress," who mwe value when they get down to the "disgrace-to-their-country" level.

We know how fast such men can be elevated by the power of God, and in "new countries," where university-schooled "gentlemen" in broadcloth cannot find so much scope to slander us in "superior organs of the Press" as in Europe, nobody is able to block our progress by silly quibbles, as to the mixture of the social and the religious work, or the extent to which we regard or trample upon "the rules of the trade" in saving starving men.

A touching picture of his pioneer days in Whitechapel, was given us by The General whilst addressing his Officers in London, in connection with his Eightieth Birthday Celebrations, only too expressive though it be of the anguish constantly borne for want of money by pioneers especially who have no means to hire large enough meeting places.

He reminded us of the time when the tent in which he preached had been blown down, and he found himself, with the few helpers he had then gathered around him, in the streets, and shelterless. "You can understand," said he, "what a palace the seatless dancing-room seemed to us to be, and how willingly the Converts used to carry the tent seats there every Sunday morning, and away again after meeting every Sunday night. And, Oh, what a paradise the Limehouse penny gaff, that cellar-place which we were able to rent altogether, then appeared to be. And even after seven or eight years' hard toiling, the nicest Hall we had was a covered skittle-alley that would seat 250 to 300 people."

A General capable of such pioneer work, amidst the huge masses of East London, might well be enabled by God's grace to raise an Army whose Soldiers should be ready to go and do likewise all round the world. God help us to do our pioneering faster in the future than we have ever done it in the past!

## The Army and the Liquor Traffic.

It is inevitable that in any description of our Soldiers their abandonment of drink and drinking-houses should be continually referred to, for everybody knows how terribly general is the drink-curse in all lands. In fact, we might almost ask where the home or family is that has not felt something of the misery drink produces.

When our War began, many people thought it "extreme" to advocate abstinence, except, perhaps, to the habitual drunkard. A bishop could dare to declare his preference to see his country remain as drunken as he knew it to be, rather than have men pledged never to touch intoxicants. This, in a country where drink claims, bishops now say, 60,000 victims per year!

Thank God for the progress of decency, manliness, and common sense, since those shameful days. The Salvation Army has, we believe, not only helped millions of individuals to abandon the drink for the sake of marching to the relief of others, but has greatly helped to sweep such folly out of the intelligent circles in every land. For we have never favoured a selfish or self-righteous teetotalism, but a determined fight against the drink for the good of everybody, especially the publicans and their families. We have refused, indeed, to have anything to do with political parties and their use of this great cause as a ladder for selfish climbing; but in every country, without a query or a murmur, our people have, from their first step towards God and Heaven, felt that they must leave intoxicants for ever behind with the devil, whose purposes they so admirably served.

On the Continent of Europe, and in the Far East, the people are plagued with drinks even more terrible than beer; but God has given us the victory over absinthe, morphia, schnaps, olvodki, champagne, hollandsch, as well as over brandy, opium, kafir beer, rum, whisky, and the deadly spirits used in trades, and yet drunk by poor workmen. How, indeed, could we hope to help the drunkards, if any of our people were allowed or wished, indeed, to dabble with the drink? Think of the women who sink on until the police have to gather them up in the street, and carry or trundle them away, utterly helpless. How could we hope to keep such people for a day sober, if we did not require and train them, and all their comrades, to leave the drink entirely and for ever alone?

## Band Chat.

The brief afternoon visit of the Territorial Staff Band to Acton, was, says the "Free Press," very much enjoyed by the citizens. This local paper refers at some length to the Band's selections which it says were remarkable for their harmony; also to the fact that all the members of the Band are earnest Christians, news which appeared to surprise some of the country folk.

Brantford.—The Band conducted all the week end meetings, October 9th and 10th. On Saturday, after a rousing open-air on the Market Square, a musical festival was given in the Citadel. Every one enjoyed the meeting. A new comrade Bandsman was welcomed—Bandsman Sims, from Vancouver, who will greatly assist the trombone section.

On Sunday the Band commenced with a good open-air, to which everyone turned out. Band-Sergeant Woodward led the meeting. In the afternoon another good meeting was held, the Bandsmen taking the lead. At night, after a well attended open-air, where a big crowd listened to the testimonies of those whose past was under the Blood, a great salvation meeting was held. Band-Sergeant Woodward gave a hearty welcome back to Sister Mrs. Durrant, who has been in the Old Country for some months. In giving her testimony, she said how glad she was that wherever she had been, she was never ashamed to witness for God. Bandmaster Nock took for his text, Agrippa's Answer to Paul, "Almost Thou Persuaded Me to Be a Christian," and dwelt on the importance of being fully persuaded. At the close a backslider returned to the fold.

Band Colour-Sergeant Wimbble, who has been under orders to return to his ship, the H. M. S. "Pembroke," has had his order cancelled, so will stop in Brantford to lead the Band on to victory. Bandmaster Nock's new euphonium has arrived. He is delighted with it.

Among the comrades who took part in the day's meetings were Bandsman Johnson, Barnes, Sly, Lawler, and Nock.

The Dovercourt Band visited Wychwood on October 11th, and gave a musical festival to a good audience. The items on the programme were varied and interesting. Finances were fair; the local Band Fund benefited thereby.

Wychwood Band has welcomed Bandsman S. Parkinson, late of the Temple. He has taken up 1st baritone.

The Temple Band put in good attendance at Colonel Pugmire's meetings on October 10th. Captain Pugmire assisted the Band boys with his euphonium. It would appear that Bandmaster Captain Hanagan and Captain Pugmire are the modern David and Jonathan.

On October 3rd, the Lethbridge Band gave a hearty welcome to Bandmaster Goodwin and his brothers, also Bandsman Noble, late of the New Aberdeen Band. Owing to pressure of circumstances, they were obliged to leave New Aberdeen, but we are glad that they have come our way. They are proving of great assistance to the Corps and Band, both from a musical and spiritual standpoint.

On Monday October 4th a spiritual meeting was held by the Band boys and much of God's presence was felt. With pleasure and gratitude to God, we can report victory.—F. A. S.

Saskatoon Bandsmen led the Wednesday night meeting, October 6th. They form a crowd not to be beaten anywhere; their playing is good, and as soon as they have finished this part of their service, "fishing" and praying follow in quick succession. Brother Cooper is their leader.—H. M.

Many have no master. They do as they like in their homes and in their Corps. Cry to God, "Give me Thy training, Lord. Let me come under Thy yoke; master my rebellious will."

## Capt. and Mrs. Ogilvie.

A PAIR OF HAPPY AND SUCCESSFUL FIELD OFFICERS.

CAPTAIN OGILVIE is an American by birth. When he was only eleven years of age, however, his home at Boston was broken up, owing to the death of his mother. She was a firm believer in the old proverb, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it," and so young Ogilvie got a good start in life. Who can estimate the value of a good mother? Her influence lives through a lifetime, though the cold, cruel hand of death may take her from us in early years, as in Captain Ogilvie's case.



Captain Ogilvie.

Shortly after this sad event, the eleven-year-old boy was sent off to Nova Scotia. He travelled in an old coasting vessel, and, in due time, landed on what is commonly known as Ogilvie's Breakwater on the shore of the Bay of Fundy. Farm life on the old Ogilvie homestead was quite a sudden change from the noisy city and confusion of the busy American city, but in this quiet and happy home, young Ogilvie came under the influence of a godly uncle, who had erected the family altar, and the lad soon became a member of the Baptist Church.

At the age of sixteen he became possessed with a great desire to return to his native city, and set out, therefore, determined to earn his livelihood there. Seeing an advertisement for young men to work as messengers for the Postal Telegraph Company, he answered it, and after answering satisfactorily a few questions which were put to him by the Superintendent, he was sent to be measured for a suit of uniform. He now started work as a messenger, and with a view to bettering his position later on, studied hard after working hours to qualify as a telegraph operator. Six months later he gained a reward for his diligence by securing the coveted position. His salary was still very small, however, and he was always on the lookout for a chance to better himself financially.

In 1896 a strike occurred on the C. P. R., and the Company advertised for extra telegraph operators, offering high wages as an inducement. Ogilvie thought he saw his opportunity, and travelled to Montreal, where he was given the option of proceeding to Lachute, Que., as telegraph operator. He decided to go, but found he had taken on a risky job, for angry mobs daily surrounded the station for three weeks, threatening to tar and feather him if he dared to venture outside. Then the strike was declared off, and he had to seek another job.

Next year found him in Annapolis, N. S., and it was at this place that he first attended an Army meeting. Major (now Lieut.-Colonel) Pugmire was speaking there at the time, and through him a great admiration for The Army and its methods was aroused in young Ogilvie.

The next Officer he met was Ensign (now Adjutant) Allen, who was then stationed at Kentville, and his desires for a deeper spiritual life were greatly quickened. For eight years he had an up and down experience, sinning and repenting, and the following lines well express his feelings at this period:

"Now tossed with temptations, now haunted with fears,  
My life has been joyless and useless for years;  
I feel something better most surely would be  
If once Thy pure waters would roll over me."

One eventful night he took the plunge, and at The Army penitential form, obtained full salvation. The penitential form first, next the platform, and then the uniform, these are three "forms" that every Salvationist believes in.

The call for the Field soon came, and in 1901 he was sent to St. John III, as a Cadet. After spending three months there, he was appointed to St. John V. as Pro-Lieutenant. Then he was sent to Bridgetown to assist Captain White, and in two months' time a revival was in full swing. The Lieutenant thought it would be of great assistance in the meetings if he could play a guitar, and so anxious was he to become the possessor of one of these instruments, that he got up very early one morning, and walked to Annapolis to buy one—a distance of fifteen miles, and before breakfast, too. Many times, whilst visiting from house to house, the two Officers would play on the doorstep when admittance was refused. In 1902 the Lieutenant was appointed to special work under Ensign (now Adjutant) McElheney, and spent over a year in the Eastern Soul Saving Troupe. He was promoted to Captain in 1903 and continued Revival work under Major McLean (then Staff-Captain.) He was then sent to assist Ensign Campbell (now Adjut.



Mrs. Captain Ogilvie.

ant) at Amherst. From there he went to Springhill, and then back to Amherst for ten days, during which brief period he saw twenty-three at the mercy seat. The first Corps he was given charge of was Fairville, N. B. In 1905 he was appointed to tour the Eastern Province as a member of a musical troupe, under Lieut.-Colonel Sharp. An important event took place in September of this year, namely his marriage to Captain MacDonald.

Mrs. Captain Ogilvie hails from South Lochaber, N. S., and is of Scotch descent. Whilst attending the High School at New Glasgow, with a view to becoming a school teacher, she came in contact with The Salvation Army. Adjutant Byers was then in charge. She was much impressed with all she saw and heard, and as a result, gave her heart to God, and decided to cast in her lot with the people who had been instrumental in leading her to Christ.

Later came the call to Officership,

and on July 23rd, 1900, she was sent to Freeport, as a Cadet, to assist Captain Wilson. Then followed Bridgetown, St. Stephen, and Stellarton as Lieutenant. She was promoted to Captain in 1902, and sent to Digby in charge. Carleton, N. B., was next, and then she went to assist Ensign Laws at Fredericton, which was then a District Centre.

The Captain and his wife have seen some splendid results for their toil, and labour. They have been stationed at Bear River, Dartmouth, Dominion, C. B., Inverness, C. B., Shelburne and Sydney, C. B., Bear River and Shelburne rank well among the never-to-be-forgotten places. Nineteen recruits were enrolled in the latter place as the result of two months' work.

Captain and Mrs. Ogilvie have lately been transferred to the East Ontario Province, and at present they are stationed at Smith's Falls. God has blessed their efforts in the past, and given them much evidence of His call to S. A. warfare.

Being a messenger for the Boston District Messenger Co. in his early days taught the Captain lessons that in after years amply repaid him for the time spent in such employment.

Like Billy Bray, he believes the best and strongest company is the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, and in The Salvation Army he finds abundant opportunities of carrying divine messages of "glad tidings of great joy" that a ransom has been found for all sin and uncleanness.

### Newfoundland's Progress.

The great hydraulic and electric mills at Grand Falls, Nfld., for the manufacture of paper for the London Daily Mail, were dedicated recently by the Bishop of Newfoundland, in the presence of the Governor and a notable assembly. With the mills the company has built a model town, the youngest in the world, for its employees. The workers' cottages are provided with water, sewerage and electric lights. Each house stands in its own garden. There are telephones, excellent hotels, a hospital, and well-paved roads. The new mills contain three of the largest paper-making machines in the world. The European and American visitors expressed surprise at the magnitude of eleven great steel and concrete factories, the rapid building of the town and the railway, also the railway to Botwood, and the construction of wharves and a harbour there, and the lake steamship, and also at the brilliant climate and superb scenery of the inland portion of Newfoundland, quite unknown to tourists, and much of it unexplored by white men. Already another large English company is beginning operations in the country.

### Education for the Blind.

The idea of losing one's sight is a terrible one to every human being, for none wish to pass their days in darkness. Yet it is estimated that one person in every thousand is destitute of this precious sense.

According to the superintendent of an American institution for the blind, 75 per cent. of blind people become blind after they are 21 years of age. The problem they then have to face is what to do for a living. One weak point about most blind schools is that they are only for the young, and do not seek to teach those who go blind in mature years means by which they may earn their livelihood. This subject is receiving more attention now, however, and the result of adequate education for the blind can be found the world over. Blind men are succeeding in all walks of life, the graduates of our schools usually in some form of business or music. As tuners and teachers many have succeeded. Some blind men are doing well as lawyers, ministers and editors. It is reassuring to know that the horror of the lot of these unfortunates is thus somewhat mitigated.

Worse than physical blindness, however, is spiritual blindness. Jesus Christ can open men's eyes to behold the light, however. Has He done it for you?

The head of the ordinary match is usually composed of phosphorus, chlorate of potash, and glue.



# THE WORLD AND ITS WAYS.



## A Hero of the Arctic.

But for the pluck and hardihood of a young Scotch harpooner David Ritchie, the eight members of the crew of the whaling ship *Snowdrop* would probably have perished miserably on the inhospitable shores of Baffin's Land. The *Snowdrop* was wrecked in Frobisher Strait last year, but the crew managed to reach Baffinland in an open boat. They were short of provisions, and the Arctic winter was approaching, cutting off the last small chance of a stray whaler coming along to pick them up. Desperate efforts were made to cross Hudson's Strait to the northern coast of Labrador in an open boat, but each time gales or icefields drove them back to the barren shores of Baffinland. The men were put on an allowance of one ship's biscuit a day and were suffering bitterly, when they reached an Eskimo settlement, where they spent the winter.

With the coming of the brief summer of those northern latitudes Ritchie decided to make an attempt to reach civilization to bring succor for his comrades.

With an Eskimo guide he travelled on foot and by dog-sled five hundred miles, until he reached a spot on Hudson's Strait favourable for crossing. There he found a boat, and fought his way through drift ice and storm single-handed, to the Labrador coast, where he found a Moravian settlement. Ritchie says that all the crew are well except one, whose feet were badly frozen.

## The Tables Turned.

A big swindling scheme has just been unearthed in America, and eighty-five men are charged with conspiring to defraud by illegal use of the United States' mails, in connection with fake races and other contests. The sums lost by the victims will total, it is stated, over half a million dollars.

The swindling scheme was an exceedingly clever one, and so planned as to almost entirely shut out complainants on the part of victims. In fact, the victims were led to believe from the first that they themselves were swindlers. They were invited to share in a "dead sure" get-rich-quick scheme for defrauding the public. Races and other contests on which the public were likely to be were to be advertised, and "insiders" were to be given information which would enable them to lay wagers at long odds and clean up fortunes every time. As for the contests, they were to be non-existent, mere fakes. But this would not prevent the announcement of the result. As the confederates—of whom the intended victim was to be one—had the whole thing in their own hands, they simply couldn't lose.

Large numbers took the bait offered and staked sums ranging from \$1,500 to \$30,000 on contests which they knew to be fraudulent, but in which they believed; only the other man could lose. In the end they learned that the dice were loaded the

## The Sacred Elephants of the Temple at Katugastota, Ceylon.

These elephants are one of the sights of the island, and all who are fortunate enough to visit Ceylon never fail to include the sight of them taking the daily bath prescribed by the priests. These massive mammals are under complete control and disport themselves in the water as though the bath was the happiest item in their lives. Those dedicated to the temple never do any work other than in connection with the sacred functions of the temple.

other way. The men behind the fraud had fleeced them exactly in the manner in which they had hoped to fleece the public.

## God's Handiwork.

In contemplating the heavens, David was led to exclaim, "The heavens de-

clare the glory of God." So, also do the minute things. Every day the most wonderful events are happening in the world of Nature around us, which because they are ordinary, do not cause us to give them much consideration.

Think, for instance, of the following facts:—



## Our Indian Empire, and the Men who Rule It.

Our Indian Empire is officially ruled in London by His Majesty's Secretary of State, who at the moment is Lord Morley of Blackburn, and by Lord Morley's representative in the House of Commons, who for the nonce is Mr. C. E. H. Hobhouse member of Parliament for East Bristol. India is also ruled by the permanent heads of the India Office at Whitehall, but it is ruled still more by the Governors of the various states of the Indian Empire—by Sir Arthur Lawley, for example, Governor of Madras; by Sir E. N. Baker, Lieut. Governor of Bengal; by Sir Lancelot Hare, Lieut. Governor of East Bengal; by Sir J. P. Hewett, Lieutenant-Governor of Agra and Oudh; by Sir Louis Dane, Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab; by Sir A. H. McMahon, Chief Commissioner of British Baluchistan; and above all by the Earl of Minto, the Viceroy, and Sir O'Moore Creagh, the Commander-in-Chief. The Governor-General has a council consisting of officers of state much the same as a British Cabinet. In addition, however, to the secretaries to the Government of India, there is a council of six ordinary members, while the Commander-in-Chief for the time being is called an "extraordinary member."

The dew upon the peach or plum is so delicate and so thickly set, that one cannot touch the fruit with a needle's point without breaking the tender stalk, and yet the dew of the night covers the whole surface of the fruit and disappears in the morning, leaving the gossamer growth more orderly and beautiful than before. The dew covers every leaf of the giant oak, and the mighty tree drinks in the refreshing moisture to its thirsty heart, through millions of pores, and the iron trunk that has withstood a thousand storms is made stronger by the gentle strength of the dew. The silent fall of the dew is caused and controlled by agencies of the most tremendous power, the same power which shakes a whole continent with its subterranean thunder, is the same as that which encircles the finest filament of thistle-down with a coronet of dewy gems so small that they do not bend the delicate stalks with their weight.

And all this is God's wonderful handiwork.

## Cannibalism in Africa.

A terrible story comes from West Africa, concerning a case of cannibalism that has lately been tried, and resulted in the hanging of a chief and four of his nobles.

The men belonged to one of the Leopard Societies that were of great trouble to the neighbourhood before they were brought under hand by British rule. The name was derived from the practice of the members, who were accustomed to hunt down their human prey in leopard skins, furnished with large iron claws.

The chief induced one of his men to kill a little boy, strengthening him for the purpose with pagan rites. By means of these it was sought to make the murderer's footsteps inaudible, to give him courage for the deed, and to make the place of the murder conveniently dark. The dead body was taken to the chief and his friends, who made short work of it. After a year they were tried for the murder, and convicted.

Truly, the dark places of the earth are full of cruelty. Shall we not do all we can to spread Christ's Gospel in these regions?

## Big Mission Campaign.

The Laymen's Missionary Movement is inaugurating a great national missionary campaign. In seventy-five principal cities, east and west, north and south, men's missionary conventions are to be held, at which an aggregate attendance of one hundred thousand men is expected. The campaign will open at Buffalo, N. Y. The meetings during the first two weeks will include Cleveland and some of the cities of the east and south. In November the circuit will swing along the eastern coast and include Providence, Boston, Washington, Baltimore and Philadelphia. It will go as far west as Detroit in December. Ten thousand men are now serving on local committees in preparation for the meetings.

## SCIENTIST AND SALVATIONIST.

## Funeral of Mr. George Gladstone, at Hove, England.

## MR. BRAMWELL BOOTH'S MESSAGE.

To be buried under the Colours, and with the Colours was a crowning episode in the long Salvation career of our beloved comrade, Mr. George Gladstone, of Hove.

Colonel Whatmore, the Field Secretary, conducted the funeral, which Mr. Gladstone directed in his will should be carried out by The Army; Lieut.-Colonel Mary Tait, from International Headquarters, and Brigadier Wood, the Divisional Commander, took part; and a number of leading personages, relatives and representatives, were present.

Not only was our comrade honoured in his life as a Salvationist, but his high intellectual attainments and strong public spirit, brought him into prominence as an educationalist, and he was for many years chairman of the Hove School Board.

Keenly interested in scientific matters, he was elected a Fellow of the Chemical Society, and he was besides a Fellow and one of the oldest members of the Royal Geographical Society. He was also one of the oldest members of the British Association, whose annual meetings he had attended for forty years.

## Buried With the Flag.

Colonel Whatmore, at the graveside, said that, although his acquaintance with Mr. Gladstone was only a casual one, he loved the little that he knew of him. He was a very humble man, and his attainments never raised him in spirit above commonplace Salvationists.

Mr. Gladstone (said the Colonel) stood by The Army through evil report, and hanging draped over his bed he had for twelve years had a Salvation Army Flag. That was buried with him in his coffin his cold hand was holding the colours he loved so well. It was not sentiment that caused him to have that flag draped over his bed; to him it was an emblem of the principles ever dear to him, the principles of righteousness, purity, and service.

The General and Mr. Bramwell Booth (the Chief of the Staff) would like to have been with them at the graveside. They were not able to be, but Mr. Bramwell Booth's message was:—

"Assure them not only of my own sorrow, but of The General's. Tell them how we valued Mr. Gladstone in life and loved him for his faith and his steadfastness, and how The General and I will strive to be like him on earth and to be with him in Heaven."

The Rev. F. B. Meyer, who is a nephew of Mr. Gladstone, spoke at a short service at the residence in Denmark Villas, of our comrade's simplicity of character, and said he would worship God in any place, under any form, like all who loved Him fervently; and while he could rise to the highest intellectual thought on the one hand, he was warm and tender to all who loved Jesus Christ on the other hand. That was a rare enough combination. Sometimes intellectuality meant arrogance, and sometimes simplicity of heart meant absence of culture; but in Mr. Gladstone's case there was a fine blend of the highest intellectual culture and the sweetest and tenderest and purest heart. They might well say of him, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God;" and they might thank God for his life, lived so strongly, brightly, and earnestly for God and man.

The crew of a small Newfoundland coasting steamer had a novel experience recently, which none of them ever want to go through again. For an hour and a half on the morning of Sunday, October 3rd, they gazed, fear-stricken, on the most remarkable meteorological phenomenon ever reported in northern waters. Four great moving columns of water, rotating violently and sending up dense clouds of spray, were sighted in different directions, and at one time the vessel was within half a mile of the largest of the lot, and they pretty well gave up hope of ever seeing port again.



As was stated in our issue last week, His Excellency Earl Grey visited Grace Hospital on Tuesday, October 21st. This photograph depicts the Governor-General leaving the Hospital.

## The Outcast.

## A Pathetic Story of a Prodigal Daughter.

LET her stay, William, Give my poor, erring girl one more chance." "No, Ann'e, she has disgraced us sufficiently and, if only for the sake of her brothers and sisters, she must leave this house to-morrow."

"Oh, my poor Mildred, what will become of you now?" and Mrs. Ferrers wrung her hands dejectedly, and passed out of the room.

In the hall she encountered her daughter Mildred, a tall, dark, handsome girl about eighteen years of age, who was waiting to hear her father's verdict.

"Does he relent?" she asked. "Alas! no, my daughter," replied Mrs. Ferrers, "he says that you must leave this house to-morrow, for the sake of your brothers and sisters. Oh, Millie, Millie, to think that you should have bought this disgrace on us all!"

"For the sake of my brothers and sisters," slowly repeated Mildred. "Very well, then mother, I will go. I suppose father thinks that my very presence will contaminate those strictly orthodox and highly respectable members of society."

"Millie!" said her mother, in a protesting tone, but the girl was already running up the stairs to pack up her few belongings.

It is three months later. All the household had retired to rest except Mrs. Ferrers, who had remained up in order to finish a piece of fancy work she was engaged upon. Suddenly she paused in her stitching and listened intently.

"What was that?" she said half-aloud. "There, I believe I hear it again, it sounds like someone knocking gently at the front door."

She went out into the hall and waited. Yes, there it was again, a distinct rap, rap, rap. Going close up to the door she softly called out, "Who's there?"

"Your daughter, Millie," came the reply.

Quickly the door was unbarred, and mother and daughter were clasped in each other's arms.

The poor girl presented a pitiable appearance. Her cheeks had lost their bloom, and her eyes their sparkling lustre, while about her wasted frame her garments hung in rags and tatters.

Mrs. Ferrers wept to behold her in such a plight.

"I'm starving, mother," said the girl, "and I thought you would not refuse me a bite to eat."

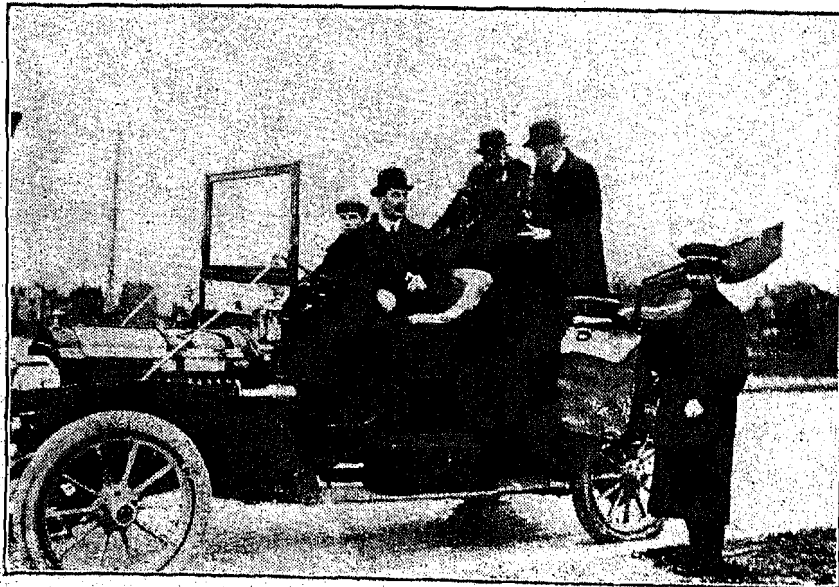
"No indeed, darling," said the mother. "Come into the kitchen and I will get you a nice supper, and then you must change those clothes for some better ones."

In a short time the girl's hunger was appeased, and she then discarded her rags for some good warm clothing, which her mother brought for her.

Then she crept out of the house again into the darkness, promising to come again another night.

For several months Millie paid periodical visits to her old home in this manner. Mrs. Ferrers being the only one aware of the matter. All the time her mother-heart ached to take her daughter in once more, but her husband was a stern man, and she dared not hint at such a possibility to him.

A night came, however, when poor Millie knocked in vain. No mother came to the door, for she was in the grip of a raging fever, and lay in the bed upstairs unable to move.



His Excellency Earl Grey Leaving the Children's Receiving Home.

In her delirium she often asked for Millie, but her eldest daughter would reply, "She is gone from us mother, she is not one of us any more now."

"But I hear her knocking, knocking," the poor mother would reply. "Oh, go and open the door for my poor girl!"

"Hush, mother, you are fanciful to-night," would be the reply, "it is only the wind playing with the shutters."

Then one night the angels came for the sick woman and bore her soul away to the better world.

The funeral was over. It had been a stately affair, and friends and relatives from near and far had gathered to pay the last tribute of respect to one whom they loved.

Now the last mourner had departed, and only the men whose duty it was to fill in the grave remained on the spot.

But stay, who is this hurrying down the cemetery pathway? It is a woman. She is pale and thin, and her threadbare garments tell of the hard struggle she is having with poverty. Approaching close to the edge of the grave she looks down into it for a moment to catch a sight of the coffin. Then, falling on her knees, and stretching forth her hands to heaven, she cries out, "Oh, mother, mother, you were the only one to open the door to me on earth. I did not knock in vain. Oh, pray to God that the door of heaven may be opened to me, that I may be where you are."

Then rising to her feet she passed swiftly out of the cemetery.

Maybe in that great day, when the nations are assembled before the Judge of all the earth, it will be discovered that Millie the outcast will be first, and those who cast her out last.

## Everyday Application.

## A Bootblack's Sermon.

A little bootblack once blacked a man's shoes very nicely. He did not skip the back of the heels or the under part of the instep, as some boys do. The man saw this, and said, "Do you think this will please me?"

"I don't know, sir, but I think that it will please my Father in heaven."

"Poor fellow; your father is dead, is he?"

"Oh, no; I don't mean that. My Father up in heaven is God."

"Then," said the gentleman, "you think that God will be pleased because you blacked my boots so nicely?"

"Yes," said the boy; "I think that God is pleased to have us do everything the best we can."

The boy was right. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."—Australian Y. S.

## Drink and Destitution.

A pitiable story of drink and destitution was revealed at Montreal recently. Some time ago two little boys, one seven and the other ten years of age, were found wandering, hungry and homeless, on Ontario Street. They were found to be two of the seven children in the O'Connell family. After considerable search the parents were found, but they had just been turned out of their "home," and were absolutely on the street and unable to provide shelter for their family.

An officer of the Charity Organization Society stated that the father drank almost constantly, and could not hold any situation. Recorder Weir sentenced the man to six months in the jail and the woman to four. He said there was an old statute that he would like to invoke that gave the prison authorities power to employ certain prisoners and apply their earnings towards the support of those dependent upon them. Mr. Lefebvre, Clerk of the Court, remarked that this law existed only in theory, and had never been put in operation. His Honor requested Mr. Lefebvre to communicate with the Attorney-General's Department, intimating that this was only one of many instances coming before the Court, and that it might be desirable to take steps to make the law effective.

It would certainly be a good thing if this law was enforced.



### HARVEST FESTIVAL WITH THE KINGSTONIANS

The comrades and friends have been busy of late, in the interests of Harvest Festival, and their combined efforts have resulted in a sweeping victory. We can rejoice over a signal advance on last year's effort.

Adjutant Smith had the Citadel very tastefully and uniquely decorated, and the fine display of fruit and vegetables reminded all of our Father's bounty. Addresses dealing with H. F. subjects were given during the day by Adjutant and Mrs. Smith, and the Band rendered valuable assistance. The comrades have worked well in this effort, some of them doubling their targets, and others going considerably over them.

On Monday night the goods were disposed of, and quite a nice sum realised towards the target. The Sisters did well with their refreshment stall. Good spiritual results were also witnessed; Soldiers were blessed, and two souls saved.—The Saved Farmer.

### A POWERFUL DAY.

Sunday, October 10th, will be remembered in Oshawa, because God's Holy Spirit was felt in every meeting. Led on by Captain and Mrs. Jordan, the Soldiers and Bandsmen turned out well, and fought steadily from early morning till late at night. In the holiness meeting five comrades consecrated their lives afresh to His service. In the night's meeting God again came very near, and four dear men sought forgiveness at the mercy seat.

Our Harvest Festival celebrations were conducted by Brigadier Scott Potter and Major Phillips. These meetings were a success, both spiritually and financially. The Sale on Monday night realised the sum of \$31.00.

Now that our H. F. Target is smashed, we are looking forward to a stirring winter campaign.—L. M. C., for Captain and Mrs. Jordan

### FEVERSHAM'S PROGRESS.

During Captain Price's Stay.

After twenty months' faithful service, Captain Price has said good-bye to the people of Feversham. A large crowd attended the farewell meetings, and many were the expressions of regret at the departure of the Captain. During his stay a steady soul-saving work has been going on, and Soldiers have been added to the roll. Three Candidates have been sent to the Training College.

Lieutenant Jones, who has been with us for three months, has also farewelled.

Riverdale. — Brigadier Potter and Adjutant Cornish conducted the holiness meeting on Sunday, October 10th. The afternoon and evening meetings were led by Major Turpin, of T. H. Q. At night the Hall was full. A woman knelt at the mercy seat at the close of the Major's address.

Winnipeg II.—Much of God's blessing is being felt here. On Sunday night, October 10th, Captain Vickers led the night meetings, in which a backslider came home to God.

On Tuesday, October 12th, one soul came to the cross for salvation.—R. C. L.

### AN ACTIVE LEAGUE.

In Canada's Ambitious City.

Hamilton I.—The League of Mercy—under the leadership of S.M. Mrs. Hobbs—is still helping to roll the old chariot along. At a meeting led by the League in the Citadel, a warm friend of The Army, whose wife is a member of the League, presented us with a flutina, which will be of good service in the Jail and Refuge meetings.

We have had some lovely meetings in the prison, and last month seven prisoners sought salvation, whilst many have thanked the members for the good they received. The Governor and Mrs. Ogilvie are very kind to us.

Last Wednesday we had a musical meeting at the prison. Mrs. Major Green and No. III. Corps Officers assisted. Mrs. Green's help is much appreciated.

The old folks at the Refuge are always pleased to see us, likewise the patients at the Hospital, which is visited Sundays and Wednesdays. War Crys, etc., are freely distributed to the different institutions.

Eighteen souls have knelt in the Citadel for salvation and sanctification. Attendances are increasing; cartridges totalled a record amount last week.—L. O. M., Secretary and S.M.



Brother Carlson, a Converted Swede, of Nanaimo B. C.

### FINANCIAL SECRETARY AT RIVERDALE.

On Sunday, October 17th, Brigadier Potter led the holiness meeting at Riverdale. Captain and Mrs. Heberden assisted. The afternoon meeting was in charge of Adjutants Sims and Cornish, whose ability in free and easy meetings is widely known.

At night Brigadier Potter again led on, the meeting being well attended.

The Corps H. F. Target has been reached.

Great crowds continue to attend The Army's meetings in Brockville. Three good captures, recently effected, are still standing true. A father and son are included in the number.

Several new tambourines have been purchased for the Corps.—Cor.

Newcastle, N. B.—Two souls were recently saved. Both are giving good evidence of a change of heart.—A. G. Gressive.

### BERESFORD AND THE SALVATION ARMY.

Work Being Done by Army in Canada Was What Impressed Him Most.

(Canadian Associated Press.)

London, Oct. 19.—Lady St. Hellier, presenting certificates to Salvation Army Cadets, said that Lord Charles Beresford told her that he was more impressed by what he saw of the work of The Salvation Army in Canada than by anything else brought to his notice there.

We won't say, "Well done, Condor," but we will say, "Well done, Charlie!"

### QUARRELLING IN HASTE.

And Repenting at Leisure.

With the Canadian mail to hand at the City Colony Headquarters on Tuesday of last week, came a particularly interesting letter. It was addressed to the Investigation Department.

In the letter the writer confessed to having quarrelled with and then deserted his wife some four or five years ago. He is, he says, in a good situation in Toronto, but heartily regrets his rash action in leaving his partner, whose forgiveness he now seeks.

He wishes The Salvation Army to arrange for a representative to call on his wife in the North, and try, if possible, to effect a reconciliation.

He is willing to meet whatever expense may be incurred, and if his wife will forgive the past he will gladly send for her to join him in a nice home which he has waiting for her on the other side.

Success to the Officer who is appointed to pilot so delicate a piece of work.—London Social Gazette.

### THE CAPTAIN MET THE NEED.

Chief of Police Hands Girl to Him.

(From the Trenton Daily Paper.)

A young girl in delicate health, came to the police office in the early evening of October 1st, and asked for shelter for the night. She was taken in, but Captain Biggs, of The Salvation Army, who heard of the affair, went over at once, and asked that he might be allowed to find her a home for the night. The chief accepted the offer, as the accommodations at the police station are scarcely suitable for young women. A home was quickly secured for the girl, with a family living just outside of Trenton. Here she remained till October 12th. Money was gathered for her by The Army, and she was sent to Toronto, where she will be cared for in The S. A. Home. Captain Biggs is worthy of great praise, of our respect and encouragement.

Captain Walker, of the Subscribers' Department, returned to Toronto on Saturday, October 16th after his first trip West. The Captain says he is delighted with Winnipeg's enthusiasm for The Army, and as a city; he was charmed with everything. He conducted a week-end at Brandon, with good results, and was one of the "favoured few" who had the opportunity of shaking hands with the Governor-General and his wife, on the occasion of their recent visit to the Gateway of the West.

### PREPARING HIS HOUSE.

(Continued from page 7.)

of all true converts. Every child of God knows that the Holy Spirit is with him; realises that He is working within, striving to set the house in order. And with many who are properly taught and gladly obedient, this work is done quickly, and the heavenly Dove, the Blessed One, takes up his constant abode within them; the toil and strife with inbred sin is ended by its destruction, and they enter at once into the Sabbath of full salvation.

Surely this is possible. The disciples could not receive the Holy Spirit till Jesus was glorified; because not until then was the foundation for perfect, intelligent, unwavering faith laid. But since the day of Pentecost, He may be received immediately by those who have repented of sin, who have believed on Jesus, and been born again. Some have assured me that they were sanctified wholly and filled with the Spirit within a few hours of their conversion. I have no doubt that this is so with many of the three thousand who were converted under Peter's preaching on the day of Pentecost.

But often this work is slow, for He can only work effectually as we work with Him, practising intelligent and obedient faith. Some days the work prospers and seems almost complete, and then peace and joy and comfort abound in the heart; at other times the work is hindered, and oftentimes almost or quite undone, by the strivings and stirrings of inbred sin, by fits of temper, by lightness and frivolity, by neglect of watchfulness and prayer, and the patient, attentive study of His word; by worldliness, by unholy ambitions, by jealousies and envyings, by uncharitable suspicions and harsh judgments and selfish indulgences, and slowness to believe.

"The flesh lusteth against the Spirit," seeks to bring the soul back under the bondage of sin again, while the Spirit wars against the flesh, which is "the old man," "the carnal mind." The Spirit seeks to bring every thought into "captivity to the obedience of Christ," to lead the soul to that point of glad, whole-hearted consecration to its Lord, and that simple, perfect faith in the merits of His blood which shall enable Him to cast out "the old man," destroy "the carnal mind," and, making the heart His temple, enthroned Christ within.

"Here on earth a temple stands,  
Temple never built with hands;  
There the Lord doth fill the place  
With the glory of His grace.  
Cleansed by Christ's atoning blood,  
Thou art this fair house of God.  
Thoughts, desires, that enter there,  
Should they not be pure and fair?  
Meet for holy courts and blest,  
Courts of stillness and of rest,  
Where the soul, a priest in white,  
Singeth praises day and night;  
Glory of the love divine,  
Filling all this heart of mine."

My brother, my sister, what is your experience just now? Are you filled with the Spirit? Or is the old man still warring against Him in your heart? Oh, that you may receive Him fully by faith just now!

"Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?"

Self-seeking has spoiled more good plans for advancing the Kingdom of Christ, than any other sin.

## Bird Pirates.

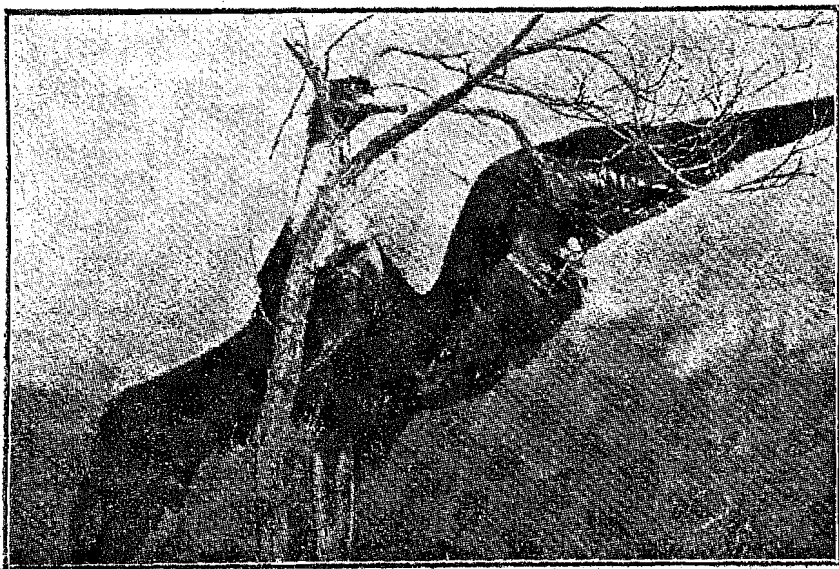
### A Vivid Description of the Habits of the Frigate Bird.

THE following is part of an article written by Lane Grey for Everybody's Magazine. In it he describes the peculiar habits of a bird found in Central America. "While fishing with Indians off the wild coast of Yucatan," he says, "I heard of a strange bird, the rabihorcado, that lived by stealing fish from other birds, and, when long pressed by hunger, went mad with rabies and committed suicide by hanging."

"The idea of a bird which killed itself to escape from starvation was so remarkable that I received it with something more than incredulity. Nevertheless, remembering past surprises pertaining to this weird and

the big bird proclaimed the filial relation. After a few rubs and wobbles the young bird opened wide its bill and let out shrill cries. The mother bobbed up, and down, in evident consternation, walked away, came back, and with an eye on me, plainly sought to pacify its fledgling. Suddenly she put her bill far down into the wide open bill, effectually stifling the cries. Then the two birds stood locked in amazing convulsions. The throat of the mother swelled, and a lump passed into and down the throat of the young bird. Then I realised that the mother had returned from the sea with a fish in her stomach, and had disgorged it into the gullet of her offspring.

"I watched this feat performed dozens of times; and at length scared a mother into withdrawing her bill



Hanging in Grotesque, Horribly Suggestive Attitudes of Death.

wonderful coast, the ruins and jungle of Yucatan, I consulted my Spanish dictionary to grow thoughtful upon finding the noun 'rabihorcado' derived from the Spanish 'rabia'—rabies, and 'horcar'—to hang.

Further conversation with my Indian guides roused in me an irresistible desire to visit a lonely coral reef ninety miles off the coast where the rabihorcado lived on the Isla de la Muerte—the Island of the Dead."

#### The Home of the Birds.

After much difficulty he managed to hire a two-masted canoe, and in this he set out for the island, which lay among the dangerous Alacranes reefs. He thus describes his arrival at the island:—

"As we approached the sandy strip I made it out to be about half a mile long, lying only a few feet above the level of the sea. Hundreds of great black birds flew out to meet us, and sailed over the boat, a sable winged, hoarse-voiced crowd. When we beached I sprang ashore and ran up the sand to the edge of the green. The whole end of the island was white with birds—large, beautiful birds with shiny black bars across their wings.

"They greeted our approach with the most discordant din it had ever been my fortune to hear. A mingling of hokk and cackle, it manifested not excitement so much as curiosity. I walked among the birds, and they never moved except to peck at me with their long, sharp bills. Many were sitting on nests, and all around in the sand were nests with eggs and little birds just hatched, and others in every stage of growth, up to big babies of birds like huge balls of pure white wool. I wondered where the thousands of mothers were

#### A Queer Way to Feed Babies.

"Shortly after a bird soared overhead, circled with powerful sweep, and alighted within ten feet of me. The bird watched me with grey, unintelligent eyes. They were stupid, uncanny eyes, yet somehow so fixed and staring as to seem accusing. One of the little white balls of wool waddled up, and, rubbing its fuzzy head against

guide, directed me toward the extreme eastern end of the island. On the way I discovered many little dead birds, and the farther I went the more I found. Among the low bushes were also many old rabihorcados, dead and dry. Some were twisted among the network of branches, and several were hanging in limp, grotesque, horribly suggestive attitudes of death. Manuel had all of the Indian's leaning toward the mystical, and he believed the rabihorcados had destroyed themselves. Starved they may very well have been, but to me the gales of that wind-swept, ocean desert accounted for the hanging rabihorcados. Still, when face to face with the island, with its strife and its illustration of the survival of the fittest, all that Manuel had claimed and more, I had to acknowledge the disquieting force of the thing and its stunning blow to an imagined knowledge of life and its secrets.

#### The Return of the Boobies.

"Suddenly Manuel shouted and pointed westward. I saw long white streams of sea birds coming toward the island. My glass showed them to be boobies. An instant later thousands of rabihorcados took wing as if impelled by a common motive. Manuel ran ahead in his excitement, turning to shout to me, and then to point towards the wavering, swelling white streams. I hurried after him, to that end of the island where we had landed and I found the colony of boobies in a state of great perturbation. All were squawking, flapping wings, and waddling frantically about. Here was fear such as had not appeared on my advent.

"Thousands of boobies were returning from deep sea fishing, and as they neared the island they were met and set upon by a swarming army of rabihorcados. Furling white and black streaks crossed the blue sky like a chaotic web. The air was full of plaintive cries and hoarse croaks, and the windy rush of wings. So marvellous was this scene of incredibly swift action of kaleidoscopic change, of streaking lines and curves that the tragedy at first was lost upon me. Then the shrieking of a booby told me that the robber birds were after their prey. Manuel lay flat on the ground to avoid being struck by the low-flying birds, but I remained standing in order to see the better. Faster and faster circled the pursued and pursuers, and louder grew the cries and croaks. My gaze was bewildered by the endless, eddying stream of birds.

#### A Battle in the Air.

"Then I turned my back on sea and beach when this bee-swarm confused my vision and looked to see single boobies whirling here and there with two or three black demons in pursuit. I picked out one group and turned my glass upon it. Many battles had I seen by field and stream and mountain but this unequal battle by sea eclipsed all. The booby's mother instinct was to get to her young with the precious fish that meant life. And she would have been more than a match for any one thief. But she could not cope successfully with two fierce rabihorcados; for one soared above her, resting, watching, while the other darted and whirled to the

attack. They changed, now one black demon swooping down and then the other, in calculating, pitiless pursuit. How glorious she was in poise and swerve and sweep! For what seemed a long time neither rabihorcado touched her. What distance she could have placed between them but for that faithful mother instinct! She kept circling, ever returning, drawn back toward the sand by the magnet of love; and the powerful wings seemed slowly to lose strength. Closer the rabihorcados swooped and rose and swooped again, till one of them shooting down like a black flash, struck her in the back. The white feathers flew away on the wind. She swept up, appeared to pause wearily, and quiver, then disgorged her fish. It glinted in the sunlight. The rabihorcado dropped in easy, downward curve, and caught it as it fell.

"So the struggle for existence continued till I seemed to see all the world before me with its myriads of wild creatures preying upon one another; the spirit of nature, unquenchable as the fires of the sun, continuing ceaseless and imperturbable in its inscrutable design."

## Promoted to Glory.

### SISTER BARTLETT, OF MORTON'S HARBOUR.

Death has again visited Morton's Harbour, and Sister Bartlett has gone to her reward. She had suffered for some time with consumption, and on September 31st her soul took its flight to the realms above. "All is well" were her last words. On the following Sunday we laid the remains in the grave. Our prayers and sympathy are with the bereaved father and four children, who are left to mourn their loss.

The memorial service was conducted by Captain Ellsworth, on Sunday, October 11th, when two souls left the ways of sin to lead a new life, one of them being the husband of the deceased sister.—J. Lodge, Cadet.

### Hudson's Bay Railway.

It is announced that the Government intends to start work on this railway during the fall.

The route is a comparatively easy one for construction purposes, and will open up a vast district, rich in agricultural lands, minerals, and timber. The line is to be a Government-owned affair, and will be operated by the Government, but all companies so desiring, will be allowed running rates on application.

Hudson's Bay is open for navigation at least six months in the year. According to the reports of the Canadian Geological Department, by using ice-breakers, it could be kept open for ocean steamship travel very much longer. The Hudson's Bay route means a saving of from ten to twenty-five cents a bushel on wheat shipments to Europe, according to the distance of the point of shipment from Fort Churchill.

This saving in freight would be the result of the cheapness of water freight rates, as compared with railroad rates.

### Destructive Prairie Fires.

A pitiable state of affairs exists in some parts of the North-West, owing to the havoc wrought by prairie fires. At Thord, near Oak Point, Man., where there are twenty families in one new settlement, all of whom are poor homesteaders who have not yet received their patents, the district has been practically swept, and the families have only escaped, after heroic fighting, with their lives. The school, built only last summer was also destroyed. One family escaped through being wrapped in wet blankets and being buried in the sand.

From Grassy Lake, near Lethbridge, comes news that the fires there were the worst in the history of the settlement. Hundreds of haystacks have been burned, and the town escaped only by a narrow shave, a shower of rain coming at the opportune time. Considerable damage has also been done around Tisdale, where a number of grain stacks have been burned.



Others Rose with Swishing Sound of Great Wings.



# The Turning of Bill Boggs,

Or, THE BURGLARY THAT NEVER CAME OFF.

By Chas. W. McGee, Moose Jaw, Sask.



"Ain't There No Chance For Me?"

ONE bright afternoon, when the soft sunlight was filtering through the woods, two young girls on bicycles, came slowly down the lane. A large basket lay across each handle-bar.

"Oh, what a lovely bank, like a golden treasure heap, I do declare!" said the elder, Ruth, as, turning a curve in the winding road, she caught sight of the golden clumps of primroses growing amongst the tangled grasses and ferns. Her schoolgirl sister Minnie, her hair trailing in the breeze, with her face all aglow with excitement, came wheeling to her sister's side.

"Oh, Ruth, splendid—magnificent, dear old Mam'selle Dupont would say."

"Never mind Mam'selle," replied Ruth, "come, let's fill up." And suitting the action to the word, she unfastened her basket, carefully propped her bicycle up against a gate, and was soon down amongst the fragrant bracken, gathering large handfuls of primroses.

It did not take the girls long to fill the two baskets, and soon they were cycling homewards to the quaint little hall on the other side of the hill.

"Say, Ruth," said Minnie, as they wheeled up the garden path, "we must pack ever such a big box of these beauties for Elizabeth. Dear old Lizzie, I guess she feels lonely at times in that big old house. Granny is an old dear, I know, but the big city is different to the country. And with a peal of laughter, the two girls disappeared indoors, taking the primroses with them.

When Elizabeth came downstairs in the big gray house, she found her dear granny there. "Some flowers, I think, from your cousins, darling," said the old lady, after receiving Elizabeth's loving morning kiss.

"Oh, how jolly," said Elizabeth, "those promised primroses, granny, mine. How lovely! Oh, they are sweet." And she lifted the box which she had opened to the old lady's face.

"Lovely, indeed, darling; now, get your breakfast, dearie, and afterwards we will fill the large porcelain bowl in the drawing room."

All through the remainder of that day, the pretty drawing-room was filled with the delicious fragrance of the woods.

10 p. m.—From the neighbouring church the chimes boomed out the hour. In the lofty attic of a dreary tenement, Bill Boggs, sitting upon a low truckle bed, paused in his gloomy reverie to listen.

"Anniver three 'ours vit, I reckon, afore it's safe ter start; blowed it this yer aint no job to do on yer own. Wished I'd 'ad Jim in wi' me. 'Owsever, it can't be 'elped now. Neck or nuthin'. Nuthin' venture, nuthin' 'ave." With a hoarse, mirthless chuckle, Bill seized a square-faced bottle, and applied it to his thirsty lips. Moving a moment later stealthily and quietly from the bed across the room, he satisfied himself that the door was locked. "Best 'ave anniver overhaulin' of the tackle. I allus says, says I, yer can't mek too sure; ef anythink should go wrong, it's a dead cert it 'ud be a five-year flip."

He examined his dark-lantern, carefully scanned his little crowbar-like jemmy, and then thoughtfully reviewed the fine assortment of skeleton keys and drills, which he placed in a little wash-leather bag, adding to its contents a lump of wax, a pair of gloves, and other accessories.

"Pinch me," he cried, apparently unable to break away from the trend of his thoughts, "I feels sort o' downy-ter-night. Wotever is it? Surely I aint gettin' narvos in me ole age." And Bill chuckled, but bitterly.

A flower-seller, carrying a large basket of violets which she was about to hawk in the street, paused for a moment on the landing outside Bill's room, to speak to someone. Bill sniffed the distant aroma, and growled: "Ome fever, I allus calls it; s'pose it's in me blood, and he gazed thoughtfully at his grimy palm. "Fancy I can smell them 'ere woods an' vilets round th' ole cottage. Lummy, who 'ud think that I used ter scuttle arter ther rabbits like th' bobbies scuttle arter me sometimes. Ef only Mary Ann 'ad lived, or ther young 'un. My nah but didn't Mary Ann look a pacter sittin' among the daisies. Wy, w'en I married 'er an' bimeby w'en th' young 'un come ter town, it was just 'eaven. Then she pined and died und th' young 'un pined and follered. I knows I worn't over 'ndulgent. An' then 'ere I 'ere I comes to this 'ere city an' 'ere I be a—'eaven, ef she only knew! Wot's that? Praps she do! 'Ere, lets chuck 'er. Ef I don't git over these yer creeps, I'll git nabbed fer a dead cert. Better git a bite of grub an' a good drink or I'll lose me nerve."

Hiding his nefarious tools for the time being beneath his bed, Bill quietly unlocked the door and passed out upon the landing. Locking the door from the outside, he slipped cautiously down stairs, and soon disappeared in the crowded neighbourhood thoroughfare to find refreshment in his favourite saloon, before entering upon the toils of the night.

"Elizabeth, dear," said the sweet-faced old granny, "it's now striking

ten; k'ndly ring for the servants. And you must be tired, you have had a busy day. I must tell those dear Army Officers not to work my little country mouse too hard."

"Oh, don't, please, grandma, darling; I just am fond of accompanying those dear lassies into the Slums, it is so Christ-like, and so very interesting. I just thank God for the privilege of being allowed to help them; and giving a little comfort to those so poorly placed, and for whom the majority of Christians care little."

The three maid-servants and the demure page having filed in, the old lady opened the family Bible, and read in a soft, sweet voice. No wonder everybody who knew her loved her. "Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror of the night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day; nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness." Having finished the psalm, she uttered a brief, heartfelt prayer, and then the household retired to rest.

Elizabeth found it difficult to sleep. When she d'd, it seemed to be a troubled slumber. Once, after she had been for a long time, so it seemed, in bed, she awoke and fancied or actually heard, a slight creaking noise on the drawing-room floor. She pondered over it for a while in drowsy fashion, and finally fell into a deep slumber, which lasted until morn'ng.

The hall clock chimed one o'clock. The vicinity was buried in profound stillness, broken only by the sounds in the distance, and the sedate march of a neighbouring policeman, slowly pacing upon his lonely beat. As the officer turned a neighbouring corner, a crouching figure swiftly approached, slinking unobtrusively through the shadows. Lightly clambering over the railings, with marvellous accuracy—for the night was dark, with occasional showers of rain Bill Boggs—for it was he—with wonderful skill, slipped the catch of the big bay window, and with his big bag slung around his neck, bounded lightly as a cat upon the sill, and a moment later stood within the drawing-room. Having gently closed the window, he quietly lit his dark-lantern, before proceeding in his stockinged feet to take stock of his surroundings.

Several silver candlesticks and other valuables he tested with a phial of acid before placing them in his bag, which lay open upon the floor. "Thet, simmin'ly, is th' lot 'ere," he whispered to himself; "now fer a go' er th' dinin'-room."

He paused for a moment and strained his ears. All was perfectly



"Best 'Ave Anniver Overhaul' of th' Tackle."

still. As he moved towards the door, a subtle perfume began to make its presence known. He recognised 't as the scent of primroses. Then he felt a similar sensation to that he had experienced a few hours before in the attic. Bill uttered something beneath his breath, and then realised a guilty sense of profanity, which he had never felt before.

"Creeps agin," he thought, for he dare not even whisper; "an't I ever goin' ter fergit them there woods an' ther vilets? Blow them primroses," and he glanced spitefully towards the

porcelain bowl faintly outlined in the rays of his dark-lantern. Somehow, as if by some unknown hand, he felt himself drawn towards the faint yellow flowers. He stood guiltily over them, inhaling their fragrance, while he actually shook his fist at them.

"Garn; I wish I'd never seed the likes ov yer, thet I do," for in the dimly seen mass of blossoms Bill again saw the vision of his childhood days. As if to change the current of his disturbing thoughts, he slowly lifted a tiny perfumed note which lay along-side the bowl, and absently scanned its contents. It was written in Minnie's bold school-girl hand. Bill had hardly finished two sentences before he started nervously. The note dropped from his shaking hand. Old memories now awoke with a vengeance.

"Wot wur thet? Wot?" "Dearest Lizzie,—I trust you will like the primroses plucked from the dear old woods surrounding Darnley Hall—"

"Darnley Hall," muttered Bill. It was where Mary Ann had lived in the old days long ago, where Bill, a chubby little lad of twelve, had chased the rabbits all day long. Where, in later years, he had courted Mary Ann, the keeper's daughter; where they had gotten together their pretty home; where by and bye a winsome little lass had flitted among the hollyhocks and roses; and where, alas! the cruel blow had fallen. It was the old, sad story—drink, robbery, imprisonment, ruin! Bill had broken poor Mary Ann's heart. His little daughter, shr'king from her harsh father on his return from prison, pined in vain for her mother, and then followed her into the better world.

Bill passed swiftly on the down grade. Drunkard, outcast, felon, jail-bird, intimately known to the police, a convicted criminal. As he stood thus, undecided, Bill, in spite of himself, heaved a dry sob. He thought no more of his contemplated raid upon the dining-room. Sinking down on the couch he buried his face in his hands. His heart was touched at last.

"Oh, God, I used ter pray as a little 'un. Ain't ther no chance fur me? Wot wur thet about ther prodigal son we used ter learn in ther old Sunday school? Oh, God! I'm a s'ght worsen then eny prodigal. Wot's thet they Army fokes sing? 'His blood—' 'His blood can make the vilest clean,' and Mary Ann used ter sing it, too. Ter think I kin remember after so many years! Ain't I too vile? Do, please, Lord, 'a mercy on me; Lord, 'a mercy, un save me, eny ole way et all. As I'm a livin' man, no more of this! I quits this yer business fer ever, even ef I starves. I gits er 'onest livin' er none, an' then, maybe, I shan't seem so fer from Mary Ann and ther little un, God 'elpin' me."

He took the stolen articles out of the bag, and very carefully replaced them. Then taking a stub of lead-pencil from his waist-coat pocket, he laboriously wrote on the other side of the paper the following:—

"To Missy.—I truly begs yer pardon fer introod'n' 'ere to-night. I cummed ter steal th' plate, but, Missy, I sawed these yer primroses, an' axin' yer pardon, I readed yer letter. I can't tel yer all; I'm no scolar; but I knows Darnley Hall—thet's nuff sed. I ain't goin' ter burgle eny more. God 'elpin' me! I've led a 'ard, bad life, an' can't mek up fer ther past, but I've done wi' burglin'. Missy, do 'ave p'ty on me! I don't deserre et, but can't yer put a word in fer me—w'en yer says yer prayers. So, I'm yours, humbly, Bill Boggs."

## Big Timber Deal.

Fifty-four thousand acres of timber lands 50 miles north-west of Victoria, and 20 west of the Nanaimo and Esquimalt Railway, have just been sold by the C. P. R. to the American Finance and Securities Company. The Company is to begin at once the erection of a saw mill with an annual capacity of 100,000,000 feet. Expert estimate of the timber places the quantity at 90,000 feet to the acre, or a total of one billion cubic feet, mostly fir.

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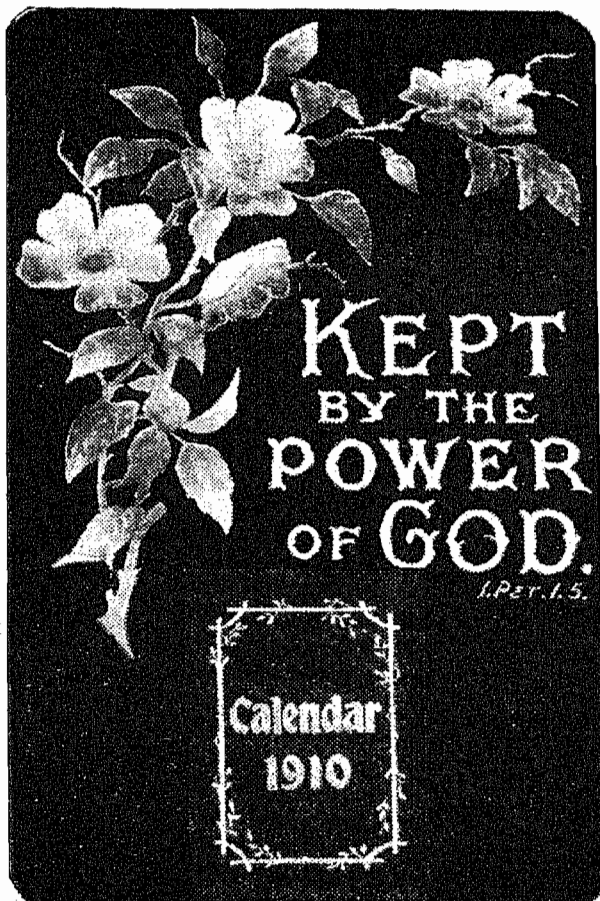
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# Fall and Winter Clothing

## An Item of Importance to the Men.

Councils are over, but the  
cold weather and winter is  
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## A Suit of Uniform.

Now is the time to place your  
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## Winter Overcoat.

We have been thinking so for  
some time, and with this in  
view have arranged our stock  
accordingly. Write to us for  
samples and particulars, which  
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Having secured the services of  
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tend having one made. Write  
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yd. . . . . \$1 40

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Samples on Application.

The Trade Secretary, 18 Albert Street, Toronto, Ontario.



**Holiness.**

Tune.—Cleansing for me, 219.

1 Lord, through the blood of the  
Lamb that was slain,  
Cleansing for me;  
From all the guilt of my sins now  
I claim,  
Cleansing from Thee.  
Sinful and black though the past may  
have been,  
Many the crushing defeats I have  
seen,  
Yet, on Thy promise, O Lord, now I  
lean,  
Cleansing for me.

From all the doubts that have filled  
me with gloom,  
Cleansing for me;  
From all the fears that would point  
me to doom,  
Cleansing for me.  
Jesus, although I may not understand,  
In childlike faith now I stretch forth  
my hand,  
And through Thy word and Thy  
grace I shall stand.  
Cleansed by Thee.

**War and Testimony.**

Tune.—I'm glad I am a Soldier.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus.  
Ye Soldiers of the Cross!  
Lift high His royal banner.  
It must not suffer loss;  
From victory unto victory  
His army He shall lead,  
Till every foe is vanquished,  
And Christ is Lord indeed.

Stand up, stand up for Jesus!  
The trumpet call obey;  
Forth to the might conflict,  
In this His glorious day!  
With loyal hearts now serve Him,  
Against unnumbered foes;  
Let courage rise with danger,  
And strength to strength oppose.

Tune.—Oh, the crowning day, B. B., 265.

3 There is coming on a great day  
of rejoicing,  
When all the ransomed shall  
gather, their Lord and King  
to crown;  
All earth's sorrow and its sin then  
disappearing.  
Every heart will the Saviour then  
own.

Chorus.

Oh, the crowning day is coming,  
Hallelujah!

From far-distant lands battalions now  
are marching.  
Who will have part in the honours  
which Jesus will bestow;  
God be praised for all the souls that  
now are starting,  
Swelling the hosts that to victory  
go.

**Salvation.**

Tune.—Hiding in Thee, 182, E and G; L'on of Judah, 190; Song Book No. 104.

4 So near to the Kingdom, Oh,  
what dost thou lack?  
What is it, poor sinner, that's keeping  
thee back?  
The Master is waiting to set thy soul  
free,  
Oh, come to the Saviour, He's calling  
for Thee.

Calling for thee, calling for thee!  
Our Saviour is calling, is calling for  
thee!

So near that thou hearest H'm saying  
to thee,  
"What wilt thou, poor sinner, I should  
do for thee?  
I gave up My life for the soul which  
is lost,  
Oh, come, and get down at the foot  
of the cross."

**MAJOR PHILLIPS & STAFF—CAPTAIN FRASER**

will visit

Kingston — Saturday and Sunday,  
October 30th and 31st.

# EASTERN AND NEWFOUNDLAND FALL COUNCIL CAMPAIGN.

**THE COMMISSIONER,**

ACCOMPANIED BY

**THE CHIEF SECRETARY**

AND LIEUT.-COLONEL PUGMIRE,

WILL VISIT THE FOLLOWING CENTRES:

**\*WOODSTOCK, New Brunswick.**

Friday, November 5—3 p.m. Holiness Meeting in Church.  
8 p.m. Lecture; Subject: "A Modern Crusade."

**ST. JOHN, New Brunswick.**

Saturday, November 6.—Soldiers' Council in No. 1. Citadel  
at 7 p.m.

Sunday, November 7.—Opera House at 11 a.m., 3 and 7 p.m.  
In the afternoon, Lecture on the Social and Prison Work  
of The Army.

Monday, November 8—Field Officers' Councils in the No. 1.  
Citadel.

Tuesday, November 9.—Field Officers' Councils in the No. 1.  
Citadel.

Service in the Dorchester, N.S., Penitentiary,  
on Wednesday, November 10, at 8.15 a.m.

**HALIFAX, Nova Scotia.**

Wednesday, November 10.—8 p.m. Lecture in the Bruns-  
wick Street Church. Subject: "The Social and Prison  
Work of The Army."

**ST. JOHN'S, Newfoundland.**

Saturday, November 13—Reception at the Station. 8 p.m.  
Welcome at the Citadel.

Sunday, November 14—11 a.m. Holiness Meeting in the  
Citadel. 3 p.m. Methodist College Hall, Special Ad-  
dresses. 7 p.m. The Commissioner will preach in the  
Methodist College Hall.

Monday, November 15.—10 a.m. Field Officers' Councils.  
7.30 p.m. International Representative Demonstration,  
illustrated by Costumes, etc., in the Methodist College  
Hall. The Work of The Army in Heathen and Foreign  
Lands.

Tuesday, November 16—Field Officers' Councils all day in  
the New School Room.

Wednesday, November 17.—Business, Interviews and Inspec-  
tion of Army Institutions, etc.

Thursday, November 18—God-speed to the Commissioner  
and Staff at Depot.

**\*NORTH SYDNEY, Cape Breton.**

Saturday, November 20.—8 p.m., Lecture: "A Modern  
Crusade."

**\*SYDNEY, Cape Breton.**

Sunday, November 21.—11 a.m., Holiness Meeting in the  
Citadel. 3 p.m., Lecture: "A Modern Crusade," in the  
Opera House. 7 p.m., The Commissioner will preach.  
(\*Colonel Mapp will not be present.)

**THE CHIEF SECRETARY,**

ACCOMPANIED BY LIEUT.-COLONEL TURNER,

WILL VISIT

Fredericton, Friday, November 5th (Welcome Meeting).

New Aberdeen, Saturday, Nov. 20th (Welcome Meeting).

Glace Bay, Sunday, November 21st.

**MISSING.****To Parents, Relations and Friends**

We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe; befriend, and, as far as possible, assist wronged women and children, or anyone in difficulty. Address Commissioner Thea. B. Coombs, 20 Albert Street, Toronto, and mark "Enquiry" on the envelope. One dollar should be sent, if possible, to defray expenses. In case a reproduction of a photo is desired to be inserted with the advertisement, an extra charge of two dollars is made, which amount must be sent with the photo. Officers, soldiers, and friends are requested to look regularly through this column, and notify the Commissioner if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

(First insertion.)



7509. HATWELL, MRS. FANNY. Age 46; height 5ft., 4 in.; English. Grey hair; blue eyes; fair complexion; last known address, Regina, Sask. Missing 11 mos. Mole on left

cheek. News urgently wanted. (See photo.)

Second insertion.

7370. ELLIOTT, WILLIAM. Age 36; height 5ft.; dark brown complexion. Engineer by trade. Missing eighteen months. Last known address, Montreal. News urgently needed.

7503. MONAGHAN, JAMES. Left Liverpool for Canada four years ago. Not heard of since he landed. Height 5 ft. 6 in.; brown eyes, red hair; came to Quebec with a batch of Catholic boys. Mother in Brockville most anxious for news.

7504. DURANT, ROBERT. Left Brockville two years ago last July. Age 15; round features; short and stout; grey eyes. Mother most anxious for news.

7505. LONDON, NELLIE AND LUCY. Brother Arthur desires to hear from his sisters who came to Canada in 1899. Please communicate with the above office.

7507. WADE, MRS. CHRISTINA. Age 42; height 5 ft. 6 in.; brown hair, fair complexion, grey eyes. Came from Aberdeen, Scotland. Mother enquires.

7382. NORMAN, J. W. Came to Canada six years ago; not heard of for the last two years. Age 35; height 5 ft. 6 in.; dark curly hair; dark complexion, brown eyes. Last heard of in Toronto. News urgently wanted.

7400. WOOD, CHAS. S. Age 25; last heard of three years ago in Shawville, Quebec. Brothers Arthur and Richard enquire.

7469. CHAPMAN, LILY. Age 23. Last heard of in Montreal 13 years ago. Will hear something to his advantage by communicating with the above office.

7522. MARTIN, ALFRED. Born May 18th, 1886. Red hair; defective teeth; height 5 ft. 11 in.; slim build; has been gentleman's indoor servant. Came to this country on the S. S. "Kensington," April 30th, 1908. Parents most anxious for news.

7514. TORRANCE, WM. Last known address Port Colborne, Ont., November, 1908. Father has died recently. Mother is longing for news. Kindly communicate with above office.

7515. WRIGHT, ARTHUR. Age 41; height 5 ft. 8 in.; dark brown hair, hazel eyes, dark complexion; tattooed on both arms from shoulder to wrist; railway plate layer. Last known address Toronto.

7516. FREESTONE, JOHN. May be going by the name of Jack Turner. Age 40; married; height 5 ft. 7½ in.; grey hair, blue eyes, fresh complexion; missing since May, 1909. Please communicate with your wife in England or at the above office.

**T. S. F. APPOINTMENTS.**

Captain Mannion, East Ont. Prov.—

Kemptville, October 28; Smith's Falls, October 29-31; Carleton Place, November 1, 2; Ottawa II, Nov. 3; Ottawa I, Nov. 4, 5.

Renfrew, Nov. 6, 7; Pembroke, Nov. 8, 9; Perth, Nov. 10, 11.

Captain Lloyd, West Ont. Prov.—

Huntsville, Nov. 2, 3; Burk's Falls, Nov. 4, 5; Halleybury, Nov. 6-8.

New Liskeard, November 9, 10; Engleheart, Nov. 11, 12.